

EXTRA. 2 O'CLOCK. BY SHOCK

McIlvaine Executed at Sing Sing.

Grocer Luca's Murderer Legally Done to Death.

Met His End in the Chair Where Loppy Was Killed.

Medical Experts and Reporters Saw His Taking Off.

Sixth Electrical Execution in Sing Sing's Death Chamber.

McIlvaine's History and the Story of His Crime, His Trial and His Punishment.

SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.

SING SING PRISON, N. Y., Feb. 8.—Murderer Charles McIlvaine, the slayer of Grocer Christian Luca of Brooklyn, has been executed by electric shock.

The signal has just been run up on the flagstaff that the tragedy in the death chamber is over.

The flag went up at 11:14. This was the first execution which newspaper reporters were permitted to witness. Gov. Flower having signed the requisite amendment to the law only last Thursday.

At 11 o'clock this forenoon the witnesses took their places.

Warden Brown stated that the witnesses must not interfere.

Only the four doctors could do anything. Dr. Macdonald said that the new method of application would be tried, and the contact would be made through the hands, in accordance with Mr. Edison's suggestion.

If that shock failed the other contact would be tried.

McIlvaine came in preceded by his spiritual adviser.

He had a crucifix in his hand.

He walked slowly uttering a prayer.

"God help me," he said over and over again.

He sat down in the chair without resistance.

The mask was put on.

Each of his hands were strapped in a box, holding a solution of salt and water.

"Good-by all," said McIlvaine. "Let her go," he said, a second later.

The switch moved, the current passed through his body.

There was a sudden jumping. The face turned pale.

The current remained on thirteen seconds.

It was then shut off.

The body collapsed. Foam ran from the mouth. Ten seconds passed.

McILVAINE'S CRIME AND EXPIATION.



Then there was a hoarse rattle in McIlvaine's throat.

"Now for the other current," said Dr. Macdonald, and the switch moved again, this time the current passing through the man's leg and head, the same as in the cases of the other executed men.

The steam hissed where the electrodes were applied.

The current remained on fifteen seconds.

There was another collapse.

Drs. Ward, Morell, Van Geisen and Macdonald examined the body.

They pronounced the man dead.

"He is dead and the death was instantaneous," said Dr. Macdonald.

Then the autopsy was begun.

The first contact was at 11:10, and at 11:14 he was dead.

For the mode of applying the current adopted to-day, an entirely new chair had been constructed.

It is the idea of Yarmaster Hilbert, who, ever since the quadruple electrocutions last July, has insisted that the current could be applied without burning or otherwise marking a body.

The new chair is of the same general pattern as the old chair with the exception of the arms.

On the Brink of Eternity.

SING SING, Feb. 8.—The old State road in front of the prison began to take on a busy appearance at 9 o'clock this morning.

Carriages drove up unloading witnesses and reporters. The latter took their stand outside the death chamber and began the vigil which is to end with the hoisting of the death flag.

One of the arrivals who attracted more than passing attention was McIlvaine's brother-in-law, the husband of Mrs. Agnes Neville.

He had come to make arrangements for securing the body of the young murderer as soon as possible after Dr. Ira Van Gieson has completed the autopsy.

An old horse was led into the prison yard at 9:15, and the animal was supposed to be the subject of an experiment with the electric current.

McIlvaine's brother-in-law had him a last good-by and left the prison at 9:30.

Following is the list of witnesses who arrived this morning: Dr. S. B. Ward, Albany; Prof. L. H. Laury, Columbia College; Dr. L. A. Taper, Syracuse; Dr. T. S. Robertson, New York; Dr. Herbert P. Williams, Brooklyn; Dr. J. Marill, Poughkeepsie; Dr. A. F. Carroll, Brooklyn; Dr. J. Hasbrouck, Port Jervis, N. Y.; Dr. C. F. Macdonald, New York; P. J. Doyle, Brooklyn; Assemblyman Myer J. Stein, New York; Frank W. Mack, Associated Press; Frank Clark, United Press; C. H. Winslow, New York Tribune; Arthur Greaves, New York Times; W. J. Chamberlain, New York Sun; C. Russell, New York Herald; T. D. Davis, Press News Association; Arthur Brisbane, New York World; W. J. Jenks, Brooklyn; A. F. Kennedy, Electrical Engineer, New York.

These form the complete list of witnesses, with the exception of the deputies, taken from the roll of prison keepers.

10:25 A. M.—The electricians have been inspecting the death apparatus. Prof. Laury and Dr. Ward, of Albany, have expressed themselves as in favor of changing the mode of applying the current, their idea being to immerse the condemned man's feet in jars of water and send the current through the body from hand to hand. They also suggested that

electrodes be applied to the forehead and leg.

In previous electrocutions.

It may not be learned which plan is adopted until after the death flag goes up.

A new chair has been built, and the scientists are apparently slow in deciding which to use. The other witnesses are still sitting in the Warden's front room.

10:40 A. M.—The fog has disappeared and the sun shines brightly, making almost a spring day. A large crowd of villagers is clustered on the terrace fronting the prison, and just outside the death line the reporters are grouped, waiting for the witnesses to start for the death chamber.

11 A. M.—The witnesses have just started for the death chamber.

McILVAINE'S LAST HOURS.

How McIlvaine Parted from His Wife and Sister.

SING SING, Feb. 8.—"Nearer, my God, to thee,"—As the door of the death-house at Sing Sing Prison swung on its hinges and clanged as it closed on the emerging figures of two weeping young women in mourning black at 6 o'clock last night, the notes of the sweet hymn stole in to Charles McIlvaine.

A dozen convicts gave voice to the words of this sweet song as they grouped about the piano in Warden Brown's parlor, almost over the death house. McIlvaine started up in momentary interest, but the song was cut off ere the line was finished by the closing of the iron door that shut him out from the rest of the world, and the murderer sank down upon his cot bed and sat there in moody silence, while Night-watch uttered affected to be busy about the fire in the old-fashioned unornamented stove that stands in one corner of this tomb of the living.

The young man had just taken leave forever of his faithful sister, Mrs. Agnes Neville, and his wife, the young, ignorant and innocent girl that he had married two weeks before the night when he stained his hands with the life blood of Grocer Christian Luca.

McIlvaine had borne this last ordeal with a tremor or a tear. He had sat on his bed listlessly while these two young women bade him to him between their sobs, and had seen them shaken with grief for him and for his mother's death.

When they arose to leave him, Mrs. Neville, the devoted sister, who had stood by him all through these months of suspense, said in a suffocated voice, "Good-by"—and her form was convulsed with grief—he returned the parting salute without apparent sense of the awfulness of his import. His helpless little girl was always weaned hardly more than a spectator at these meetings with her doomed husband, who raised his manacled hands to strike her once when she was brought into the court scene of his trial, a witness prisoner.

McIlvaine kissed her last night when she said "Good-by" for the last time, and showed just the faintest sign of tenderness in utterance of the words: "Don't cry, brace up. It will be all right."

McILVAINE, THE ONLY MURDERER.

These two broken-hearted women, following him through the long, dimly lighted stone corridor back to the warmth and light of the Warden's office, were soothed by the singing of the hymn and had in a measure regained control of their emotion. But both were weak and listless, and they were forced to sit down to recover strength.

Both were in mourning for the dead mother of Charles McIlvaine, who went to her grave broken hearted by her boy's crime.

McIlvaine's ugly temper has been entirely subdued during the past few weeks, and it was a long time before he regained his wonted appearance of cheerfulness after this last parting. Then he asked for and drank a glass of sherry wine and smoked two cigars in rapid succession.

After that he talked with Keepers Hulse

and Thimane—talked on the subject one night expect to be up in his mind—talked in the only language he ever knew, the language of an east-side tenement-house boy.

ALL HOPES GIVEN UP.

"Well," he said, with the dogged argumentativeness of his class, "they chased me to this. The papers called me 'McIlvaine, the ugly murderer,' for killing Luca, but I wasn't as bad as they made me out. They'll find it out afterward."

Thimane started.

"This use of that past tense verb, 'wasn't' was the first that McIlvaine had ever intimated by word or deed that he had given up hope. Indeed, when he was brought down to New York for his sentence in January he said to an Evening World reporter in response to a question if he enjoyed getting out of prison for a day to breathe the fresh air and see the cheerful world, 'Heh, heh, it's the regular thing. I'm used to it. Do this every six months.'"

And when the reporter asked his age he replied: "I was just twenty-one on New Year's day. I've spent three birthdays up in that hole, and all New Year's days, too. I'm not dead yet, either."

He said it defiantly, but when he had been once more locked in the iron cage in the death-house there came over him a change. He listened more civilly to the words of Father Creeden, and for the first time he began occasionally to take up the prayer book given to him by the good man.

Then, when his sister came to him all broken and shattered on Wednesday last with the news that all hope must be abandoned, that Gov. Flower turned a deaf ear to his pleadings and had refused to grant to him another day of life, the murderer seemed to realize his position. Since then he has received the Father with a humble reverence, and has knelt beside his cot with the priest in supplication.

The removal of Trezza from his cell in the death-house on Saturday to cell No. 493 in the Prison dormitory, where he is to spend the remainder of his life, marked another change for the better in McIlvaine.

HE WAS DENSELY IGNORANT.

But the fellow was densely ignorant and his gloomy periods were brief. Between them he spent much time in writing. His copy has been almost invariably the same.

Last evening he sent out an Evening World reporter a slip of paper on which he had written, in a round, schoolboy hand, the inscription:

"In remembrance, Charles McIlvaine, 2249." [The spelling is given as he wrote it, remembrance and McIlvaine.]

At the same time the doomed man presented to Mr. Connaughton a drawing which he had made of the cruiser New York. It was a very creditable copy in red and olive pencil of a lithograph of the ship.

McIlvaine's little brother and sister, children of nine and thirteen years respectively, came with his brother-in-law, Mr. Neville, on Friday and took their last leave of him. The little ones were deeply affected and cried over their ill-fated brother bitterly. But he received them with indifference, and said "Good-by" with no show of feeling.

His sister and wife were with him four hours in their last meeting on earth, and half an hour later, though he had shown some signs of an appreciation of his awful position on the precipice of eternity, he broke the silence between cigar puffs to say:

"I wonder what I'd better have for breakfast."

For several days past McIlvaine had had for breakfast toast and sherry, and he had dipped the toast in the wine and eaten it with relish. Yesterday he ate his last dinner on earth, and the menu gives a fair idea of the character of the man. He ate roast

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

HARRIS'S DOOM.

To Die by Electricity in the Week of March 21.

Motions for a New Trial Denied by Recorder Smyth.

An Appeal to the Highest Court to Be Taken by Harris's Counsel.

Carlisle W. Harris, the young medical student, was this morning sentenced by Recorder Smyth, in Part III, of the General Sessions, to be judicially killed by electric shock at Sing Sing during the week beginning March 21, 1902, for poisoning to death his young girl-wife, Helen Mary Neilson Potts.

The court-room was crowded, principally with representatives of the legal profession. Few women were present.

Harris's mother was absent.

Judge Connelley occupied the bench with Recorder Smyth.

Lawyer Taylor moved for a new trial for Harris, on the ground that the evidence showed only that sulphate of morphia was used, while the indictment charged that morphia was employed; that the verdict was contrary to the evidence and on many other legal technicalities.

Recorder Smyth overruled the motion, and the Clerk called "Carlisle W. Harris to the bar."

By the advice of counsel, Harris had nothing to say why the judgment of the law should not be pronounced upon him.

In an impressive manner the grim old Judge pronounced the words which doomed the young wife-killer to be judicially killed by electric shock at Sing Sing Prison during the week beginning March 21.

Harris was cool and showed no signs of breaking down. He was taken back to the Tombs.

No sooner had he been sentenced than his counsel, Lawyer Jerome, served a notice of appeal upon District-Attorney Nesbit, and certified copies upon the clerk of the court and sheriff's coroner.

This appeal, as in previous capital cases, will act as a stay of proceedings.

It is doubted if a decision can be received from the Court of Appeals before next Autumn.

Actress Edith Chester Divorced from Frank Carew.

(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.)

LONDON, Feb. 8.—The trouble between Frank Carew and his wife, Miss Edith Chester, an actress who a short time ago was in the cast of "A Fantomale Rehearsal" at the Lyceum Theatre, was settled today in the divorce division of Her Majesty's High Court of Justice, where a decree was entered at the suit of Miss Chester, divorcing her from Carew and giving her the custody of the children.

Carew on Friday last was arraigned in the Westminster Police Court in the charge of assaulting and insulting Thomas, manager of the Court Theatre, for brandishing Miss Chester.

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EXTRA.

2 O'CLOCK.

MORE DEAD

Nine Bodies Taken from the Hotel Royal Ruins.

Those of Three Women and a Man Found This Morning.

Only One of the Nine Charred Corpses Identified.

Sixty Missing Persons Are Still Unaccounted For.

DEAD - - - - - 9

INJURED - - - - - 24

MISSING - - - - - 60

SAVED - - - - - 81

The sixth body to be taken out of the ruins of the Hotel Royal, at Fortieth street and sixth avenue, was found at 9:05 o'clock this morning.

It was found in a room on the top floor of the Fortieth street side. It was apparently that of a woman, but so badly burned as to make identification well nigh impossible.

At 10:30 the seventh body was found. It was that of a man. It was lying in the main mass of ruins, and had evidently fallen with a mass of timbers from an upper floor.

At 10 o'clock the eighth body was found. It was that of a man. It was lying among debris in the cellar of the hotel.

The ninth body was found at 11:55 o'clock. It was that of a woman and was the worst burned body yet taken out.

The only flesh on the bones was a patch of a few inches on the left leg.

The woman, Dr. Scholer says, was over thirty-five years of age, but may have been fifty or sixty years old.

She wore a crimson silk wrapper, in the pocket of which was found an envelope of the Hotel Royal and crossed.

In the envelope was a \$20 bill, a \$10 bill and part of a steel key. Her teeth were good, and may furnish a clue to her identity.

How many charred and mangled bodies are still buried beneath the ruins of the Hotel Royal is a question of horrible uncertainty.

Besides the four taken out this morning, others had been recovered—those of H. C. Levy, of 340 West Fortieth street, and two other men and two women, the last four unidentified.

The bodies of many others may lie hidden in the mass of smoldering wreckage which chokes up the wide space between the blackened and disfigured walls.

From a careful examination of the hotel register and the journal which was furnished by Night Clerk Underwood the number of persons in the building when the fire broke out was 152.

Of these eight are known to be dead. Eighty-one were rescued by the firemen, assisted by citizens, before the walls collapsed, and sixty-one are still missing.

Among those who were rescued from the burning building are twenty-four who are more or less seriously burned and bruised.

Three of these are at Bellevue Hospital, and there is one each at the New York and Presbyterian hospitals. The others have been cared for by their friends at neighboring hotels or at their homes.

SOME OF THOSE REPORTED MISSING MAY BE DEAD.

It is not improbable that a number of those who are still among the missing this morning may have escaped the frightful fate which so many others are known to have met, but the thought of the possible loss of life is appalling.

Until the great heap of bricks and mortar and half-consumed beams and rafters which are piled tightly into the death-pit have been removed no one can tell what that awful grave will disclose.

The police and firemen who have been guarding the scene of the disaster for the past twenty-four hours say that many persons perished before the eyes of the crowd that had gathered about the blazing structure. For a moment the spectators would catch sight of agonized faces at the windows, and then they would disappear suddenly in the flames which were bursting out around them.

SOME WERE SMOTHERED IN THE HALLS.

Some who rushed from their rooms at the first alarm in all probability were never able to reach a window, but were smothered in the dense hot smoke which filled the hallways.

In the upper part of the hotel the passages

ways were narrow and full of puzzling turns and corners.

SEARCHING FOR THE DEAD.

Naturally the first impulse was to make for the elevator and stairways. Some, no doubt, in this way rushed to their doom in their frenzy to escape during the first panic.

It was only those cool-headed ones who made their way at once to the windows who escaped death.

THE DEATH-ROLL MAY NUMBER SIXTY.

No one of the police authorities at this time places the loss of life at less than twenty-five, and it is possible that the death-roll may reach fifty or sixty.

It is believed that the bodies of the victims are buried in the centre of the ruins and near the foot of the tall brick wall which is still standing on the Fortieth street side.

This is where the elevator shaft was located, and all the hallways converged at this point.

After dark last evening and up to 7 o'clock this morning nothing was done towards recovering the bodies of the victims.

At 6 o'clock last night, when the laborers knocked off work, only a small portion of the sidewalk on Sixth avenue had been cleared.

RESCUING COULD BE WORK IN THE DARK.

Work was stopped, Superintendent Brady, of the Bureau of Buildings, says, for want of light. No electric light tower could be put up, because the lighting companies had all their plants in operation, and it could not be interrupted to give time to erect wires and poles over the ruins.

Capt. Kelly, of the Nineteenth Precinct, and Chief O'Connell, of the Fire Department, remained on duty all night long at the scene of the fire.

There were forty policemen on hand to keep the fire lines, and streams of water continued to play upon the still smoldering ruins.

They were steaming this morning at day-break, and the vapor which rose from the ghastly pit mingled with the thick fog of the early morning.

A BIG CROWD AT THE SCENE.

The crowd of spectators who blocked the streets in the neighborhood all day yesterday began to gather again. At 9 o'clock there was a dense throng in Sixth avenue and in Fortieth street, and the long line extended through the centre of Bryant Park.

"Have any bodies been recovered?" was the first question that every now and then asked, and when he learned that no work had been done during the night, he remained to watch the ruins from a distance.

HARD WORK TO KEEP THE CROWDS BACK.

Sergeant Lane, of the Nineteenth Precinct, and Sergeant Suttie, of the Seventeenth Precinct, had hard work to keep the crowds from pressing forward, and a cord of fifty policemen was guarding the fire lines at 7 o'clock.

About quarter of an hour before the contractor T. J. Gallagher, who started to dig out the ruins yesterday afternoon, arrived on the scene with a gang of seventy-five laborers. He put them to work at once.

Some of them tackled the big pile of debris which blocked up the sidewalks on the Fortieth street front, while another squad went to work on the Sixth avenue side, which had been partially cleared.

WORK WAS BEGUN IN EARLIEST, AND IT BEGAN TO TELL.

The mass of bricks and mortar and pieces of charred timber and furniture which was piled up just within the line of the wall where the main entrance had been began to disappear rapidly.

Soon a hole was made in the cellar, which seemed to be choked up with trunks and pieces of water-soaked carpet and clothing.

CLEANSING MARKED "M. A. B."

In a half-burned trunk, which was one of the first things the laborers dug out of the ruins, were found the remnants of some fine underwear. Part of it belonged to a woman and was marked with the initials "M. A. B." while some shirts and a white necktie and belonged to a man were marked "C. A. H."

Pink and blue silk women's underwear and the embroidered skirts laid bare and soaked were strewn over the muddy sidewalk by the laborers and were rescued by the police for purposes of identification.

These were found under the rubbish right at the corner of Sixth avenue and Fortieth street. Then one or two leather trunks, a partially burned hand satchel containing some papers, apparently legal documents, and a battered silk hat were brought out.

A GREAT MARK TO BE RUN AWAY.

Bed springs, mattresses, pieces of carpet, picture frames, ends of brass beds and remnants of furniture were all jumbled up to gether in the debris, which was packed down into a solid mass.

It seemed as if it would be hours before the diggers would reach the heart of the ruins, where most of the bodies are supposed to be buried.

INQUIRING FOR MISSING FRIENDS.

Among those who were admitted within the fire lines early this morning were a number of friends or relatives of those who are missing and are believed to have perished in the disaster.

One of these was Harvey J. Van Norden, manager of the Royal Worcester Corset Company, of Philadelphia, who had been watching all night long at the ruins.

HEARD HIS WIFE IN AMONG THE DEAD.

He is convinced that his wife is among the victims, and he is nearly crazed with the suspense. He cannot keep away from the spot.

"We had been living at the Hotel Royal for four weeks," he said to a reporter for The Evening World this morning, "and I went away last week to Philadelphia on business."

"Saturday I sent my wife \$500, and expected to see her again next week. I received a telegram summoning me to New